

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Defines His Views of the Link Between the Black and White Man.

Booker Washington, when passing through Chicago some months ago, talked in an animated way for an hour or more to a representative of the Record-Herald about the subject that is now exercising the minds of some of the extremists in the South—the social relations between the white man and the negro. It is safe to say that if these men could meet and talk with

should, like other races, be judged by its best types rather than by its worst. "But would it be fair to judge even by that standard?" "No," he answered. "It would not. Judgment must not be passed upon the race too soon. For more than twenty years after we became a free people there was uncertain groping in the wilderness. The policy of both North and South, as well as that of the central government, was both halting and uncertain. The problem was without a parallel in the history of the world. No path had been shown through the wilderness which anyone felt absolutely safe in following. It was to be anticipated, in the first generation at least, that the tendency among a large number would be to seek the shadow instead of the substance; to grasp after the mere signs of the highest civilization instead of the reality; to be led into the temptation of believing that they could secure in a few years that which it has taken other races thousands of years to attain.

went on. "I have seen them in their homes, on their farms, in the shop, in the factory, in the mines, in their stores, in the churches, in the jails, in the penitentiary, and I have talked with the white people who were once their masters, and now their neighbors. After this inspection, combined with my experience and observation in the heart of the 'black belt' of the South, covering a period of nineteen years, I have no hesitation in asserting that there is constant progress—progress that is tangible, visible, indisputable. "Anyone who has had daily opportunity of studying my race at first hand cannot fail to gain the impression that there are indisputable evidences that the race is settling down to a hard, earnest, common sense view of life, that it is fast learning that a race, like an individual, must pay for everything that it gets, the price of becoming at the bottom of the social scale and working up gradually, naturally, to the highest civilization. The exaggerated impressions that the first years of freedom

them up. Let us teach the negro youth that any individual or race that cherishes race hatred and practices cruelty is crushing and narrowing the highest aspirations of the human soul. "Some may call this cowardice. Be it so, but it is the kind of cowardice that the Christ taught and practiced, and is the kind of cowardice that will win our cause. "What, then, do we glean as to our immediate duty, and what is the safe and wise policy for the future? There can be but one answer. On, on, right on, with the work of education—education of the head, hand and heart, in every corner of the South. "My race needs the help and sympathy of the American people now as never before. I hope and believe the black man will not look to the white man in vain."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SOMETHING NEW IN ZOOLOGY.

President Roosevelt was not always the mighty hunter he is now. He has had his day of being afraid of big game. But that was many years ago, when he was a wee little boy in short trousers, and used to play tag in Madison Square in New York.

Opposite Madison Square on the east side stood a Presbyterian church, and the sexton, while airing the building one Saturday noticed a small boy peering curiously in at his half-open door, but making no move to enter.

"Come in, my little man, if you wish to," said the sexton.

"No, thank you," said the boy. "I know what you are going to say. 'I haven't anything that little boys may not see. Come in.'"

"I'd rather not." And the juvenile Theodore cast a sweeping and somewhat apprehensive glance around the room and gathered and bounded off to play again.

Still he had kept returning once in awhile and peeping in. When he went home one day he told his mother of the sexton's invitation and his unwillingness to accept it.

"But why didn't you go in, my dear?" she asked. "It is the house of God. But there is no harm in entering it quietly and looking about."

With some shyness the little fellow confessed that he was afraid to go in, because the sexton might catch him from under a parrot or something.

"The sexton? What is the sexton?" the mother inquired.

"Why," explained Theodore, "I suppose it is some big animal like a dragon or an alligator. I went there to church last Sunday with uncle, and I heard the minister read from the Bible about the sexton, and it frightened me."

Down came the Concordance from the library shelf, and one after another the texts containing the word "sexton" were read to the child, whose eyes suddenly grew big and his voice excited, as he exclaimed, "That's the last the sexton!"

It was Psalm lxxix, 9—"For the sexton of this house hath eaten me up."—Harper's Weekly.

A WILFUL PRINCESS.

Among the many charming little stories told of the late Princess Royal when a child, the following is one of the prettiest evincing as it does, indifference to childish punishments and pure love of a bit of fun. The princess, like so many children, cherished a wholesome dislike to the then physician in ordinary, not remotely unconnected with delicacies denied and rhubarb prescribed. Therefore, the princess invariably and with firmness alluded to him as "Brown." This vexed the queen, who insisted on respect being paid to all members of the household. Her majesty, indeed, punished her small daughter more than once for such a breach of etiquette. Nevertheless, one day, when the child happened to meet Dr. Brown in one of the corridors, she said, mischievously, "Good morning, Brown." And then, turning to where the queen stood with eyes of grave disapproval and meditated punishment, added: "And good-night, too. I'm going to bed." Then slowly, and with all the sweet dignity of three summers and golden curls, she walked to the nursery and bade the surprised attendant to put her to bed.—"Cos I've been disrespectful to Brown."—Vanity Fair.

WHERE CUSTER FELL

Visit to Scene of the Little Big Horn Massacre—Now a National Cemetery With Simple Stones to Mark Places Where the Troopers of the Gallant Seventh Died in Battle.

Special Correspondence.

Billings, Mont., Oct. 28.—The inaccessibility of the Crow reservation in Montana has prevented many travelers from making the pilgrimage to the field of the Little Big Horn and the scene of the Custer massacre, still unaltered by the march of civilization. No one who makes this pilgrimage can come away with heart untouched. The spot where Custer fell is in the midst of real Indian country. There the "wild west" exists in its pristine form. The visitor needs no vivid imagination to make real to him the incidents of that frontier war in which the soldiers of our little army won "crimson glory and undying fame."

The Crows live in teepees and wigwags, as did their fathers who planned and executed the massacre. They are now peaceful, but they are still Indians, it is fear and not love of the white men that keeps them from the war-paint.

The battlefield is as lifeless as on the day after the massacre. Near it is an Indian burying ground, trees in the branches of which were dead Indians nailed up in blankets, like mummies.

The discovery of gold in the Black Hills in 1874 had attracted wild prospectors. The invasion of what the Indians considered unceded country was regarded by them as an act of war and was resisted with bloody results. Gen. Crook, in March, 1876, entered the Sioux country, now known as the Crow reservation, to attempt the subjugation of the rebellious reds and met with a defeat at the hands of Sitting Bull on the banks of the Powder river.

In the spring three expeditions were sent out to accomplish what Gen. Crook had failed to do. Gen. Crook and was again repelled at the Rosebud and discovered a broad trail running toward the Big Horn river. He returned and reported that a large number of Indians had been assembled and were on the line of march.

Custer and the Seventh cavalry were ordered to follow up this trail and effect a junction with Gen. Terry's command.

mand, which was to ascend the Big Horn by boat. Custer started from what is now Miles City, Mont., went to the trail found by Reno, proceeded by forced marches and was ready for an attack the day before the troops coming by boat could arrive. The Little Big Horn river is a rapidly flowing stream from eight to forty yards wide. Between it and the Big Horn is prairie land, and between the Big Horn and Rosebud rivers are the Wolf mountains. By the latter route Custer approached the scene of the conflict. From the divide his scouts discovered smoke and saw pony herds grazing on the prairie. Because of the high bluffs the camp of the Indians was obscured, and its size could only be conjectured. The Indians soon learned of the proximity of the soldiers.

Custer decided to attack at once. The regiment was divided into three detachments. Reno attacked the center of the Indian camp with three troops. He was driven back in confusion and entrenched himself in a ravine.

In the meantime Custer, with five troops had assaulted the lower end of the camp. Bennett with the rest of the regiment was at some bluffs four miles distant guarding against the escape of the Indians.

Custer had expected to find not more than 1,000 Indians. Instead he found 5,000. He threw out a skirmish line and dismounted two troops, who fought their way along in a course parallel to that of their commander. He himself followed the ravine. The Indians swarmed about him, and his ranks were rapidly depleted. Seeing their leader's danger, the two dismounted troops made a valiant attempt to join him and were annihilated in the attempt.

Two hundred and seventy-seven men rode into the valley of death with Custer. When the last shot was fired 277 lay dead or dying on the field.

The government has made this battlefield a national cemetery, and a little white marble slab marks the spot where Custer's body was found stands a large stone cross. The simple epitaph on each of the little white markers is "U. S. Soldiers, Seventh Cavalry, Fell Here June 25, 1876."

but they must have been taking counsel with each other, for presently one of them flew to the place where the captive was hanging, and straddling her by the neck and gave her a tug that pulled her free. Then he dropped her, but she recovered herself immediately, and flew to a limb where she began arranging her rumpled feathers.—Philadelphia Times.

A HUMAN CENTAUPEDE.

A young officer at the front recently wrote home to his father: "Dear Father: Kindly send me \$50 at once; lost another leg in a stiff engagement and am in hospital without means." The answer was: "My Dear Son: As this is the fourth leg you have lost according to your letters, you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try to wobble along on any other you may have left."—Army and Navy Journal.

WHERE HE WAS EFFICIENT.

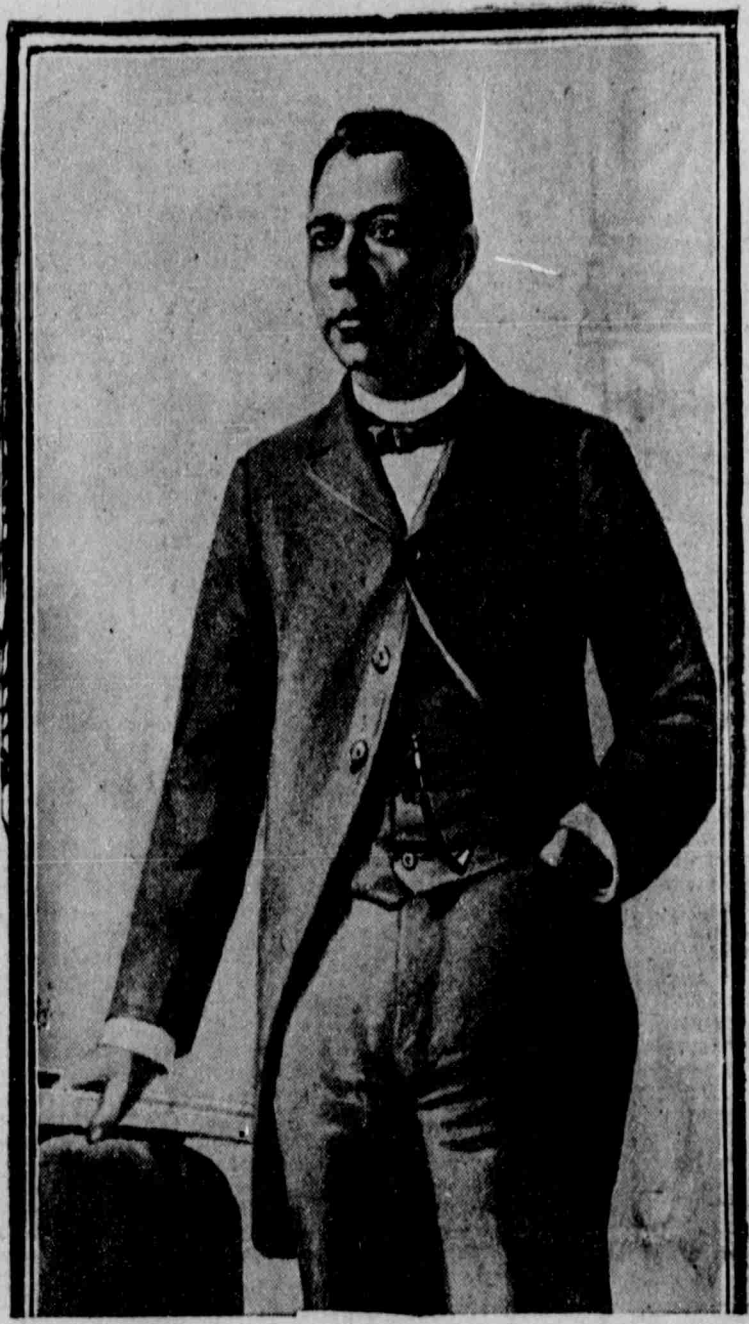
"Your son," said the teacher, "has missed it on arithmetic." "Yes." "No good at spelling." "Yes." "A dunce in history." "And there's no good in him." "Professor," said the farmer, "have you ever heard that boy cussin' of a Georgy mule, under a brillin' sun, in a ten-acre field?"—Atlanta Constitution.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WILL INVITE MORE NEGROES TO WHITE HOUSE.

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

FOUNDED BY

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.



Booker T. Washington, the learned negro who recently shared President Roosevelt's hospitality at the White House, may expect to receive another invitation, according to an intimate friend of President Roosevelt, who says that the President is determined by this means to stamp his strong disapproval of distinction of color. Other negroes will also be honored with invitations to dine with the President if Mr. Roosevelt has his own way and is not prevailed upon by his political advisers to give up an idea, the carrying out of which they say will undoubtedly lose many votes for the Republican party.

Mr. Washington and were prepared to sum up the result without the bitter slave-day bias that characterizes them now they would see in the future a better era for the colored man, and might gather, too, some little heaven of human sympathy from the contact.

The famous president of Tuskegee is so earnest in his speech and has so much of genuine honesty about everything he does that nobody who talks with him can ever fail to become impressed. He says nothing at random. You feel while you are listening that every word has been carefully weighed, and is based on a bitter uphill experience.

Southerners who are most bitter against you believe that they draw the reasons for their animity from what goes on in their midst. "In his answer there was no trace of anger or resentment. 'It is to be regretted,' he said, 'that those who presume to speak with authority on the advancement of the negro do not in more cases actually visit him, where they can see his better life. Few of the people who make discouraging statements regarding him have ever taken the trouble to inspect his home life, his school life, his church life, or his business or industrial life. It is always misleading to judge any race or community by its worst. The negro race

"When you consider all these conditions it is plain that instead of thirty-five or forty years of growth the negro has had only about twenty in which to demonstrate to the world what he is capable of becoming. The negro has hardly had time yet to collect the broken, shattered fragments of his family, buy a home and settle down to regular family life."

naturally brought are giving way to an earnest, practical view of life and its responsibilities." Then, coming to the feeling that ought to exist between the races, he grew eloquent. "I want to try to teach the negro youth," he said, "to take a high and impregnable position. Let us teach him in his sympathies, his actions, to excel if possible even the white man. Let us teach him to dwell above race hatred and race antagonism. Let us teach him that love is better than cruelty, that it is more courageous to receive an insult and endure wrong than to give an insult and inflict a wrong; that if anyone would help push him down he can help push

Our Lively Capital.

Things Being Talked About in Washington—Chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—The New Canal Treaty—The President's Horses—Debutantes and Weddings.

Special Correspondence.

Washington, Oct. 28.—It is definitely decided that Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, will not be at the head of the Senate committee on foreign relations during the coming session of Congress. Mr. Frye prefers to take the chairmanship of the committee on commerce, as he can in that position better direct the campaign for ship subsidies, which will be one of the great issues of the session. Mr. Frye has been pressing the subject of ship subsidies for twenty-five years, he says, and he means to pass his new bill at this session if the hardest kind of fighting can do it.

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, is the ranking member of the committee on foreign relations and is entitled to the chairmanship upon the withdrawal of Senator Frye. It is generally believed that the traditions of the Senate will not be violated, and that Mr. Cullom will have the place. However, strong pressure is being brought to bear on him to make way for Senator Lodge. Senator Lodge is a close friend of the President, and it was said soon after the death of President McKinley that Mr. Lodge would most certainly be made chairman of the foreign relations committee or be given a place in the cabinet. Still, the President has not tried to influence the Senate at all in this matter. Senator Lodge has served several years on the committee, quite as long in fact as Senator Cullom, but the latter had been longer a senator than had Mr. Lodge at the time both were appointed to the committee, and therefore his name was placed first on the list. The committee on foreign relations will be now more important than ever because of the isthmian canal treaty and the numerous reciprocity treaties which will come before it during the winter.

The new canal treaty, it is said in London, grants the United States all it asked without compensation. The canal will be pan-American. The three diplomats who have smoothed the way for the accomplishment of this great work are Secy. Hay, Lord Pauncefote and Ambassador Choate. Mr. Choate is new on this side of the ocean for a

well earned holiday. Now the official period of mourning for the late President McKinley is ended Washington is living up socially. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt are planning for a series of informal dinners, but no formal entertaining will be done at the White House until December.

Mrs. Roosevelt has, it is said, provided herself with a social secretary. This may be taken as a promise of an active social life at the White House this winter. Owing to the fact that Lent begins on February 12 the season will be a short and swift one.

No changes have been made on the first floor of the White House beyond the laying of new carpets, and few changes have been made in other parts of the house. Mrs. Roosevelt has chosen as her own room the large, bright chamber in the southwest corner of the house used by Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Grant.

There will be girls enough in the presidential mansion, for besides Alice, the President's 11-year-old daughter, among the younger members of the Roosevelt family are no less than four girl cousins—Miss Helen Roosevelt, daughter of the late James Roosevelt; Miss Christine Roosevelt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Roosevelt; Miss Dorothy, the late Hilborne Roosevelt's daughter. Some of them are already well known in Washington society, having been guests here of Mrs. Cowles, the President's sister.

Miss Alice Roosevelt will lead the debutantes this winter, and the young society will be swelled by the addition of Miss Miriam Grant, daughter of U. S. Grant, Jr., and one of the belles of San Francisco; Miss Marion Jones, daughter of the senator from Nevada; Miss Virginia McKay-Smith, granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt; the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, and Marshall Field's niece, Miss Florence Field. Weddings this season will be many and the first will be that of Miss Florence Foraker, Senator Foraker's daughter, to Mr. Randolph Matthews. The marriage occurs in Cincinnati. The President and his cabinet

and practically the entire Senate will attend the ceremony. The wedding of Maj. Gen. Corbin and Miss Edythe Patten will be the grandest function in military circles which Washington has seen in many years. Unfortunately the marriage of Senator Dewey and Miss May Palmer, it is reported, is to take place not in Washington, but in London.

President Roosevelt is well known to be an enthusiastic equestrian, and the cares of his high office have not caused him to neglect his stable. His favorite saddle horse Bilestein, a Kentucky thoroughbred, arrived in Washington almost simultaneously with the Roosevelts, while Mrs. Roosevelt's Yaegenka was not far behind. The President and his wife take almost daily gallops along the roads of Maryland and Virginia, and they make a very striking picture.

The three new carriage horses bought for the President have been named by Mrs. Roosevelt. Their new names are General, Judge and Admiral. Admiral and General are to be driven double, and Judge will draw a single carriage. The three animals are so well matched that any two of them would make a handsome team. They are blood bays, sixteen hands high, with jet black manes, tails and legs. It may interest the humane societies to know that when Mr. Roosevelt asked his brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson, to get his carriage horses he insisted that no horses with docked tails should be purchased.

The postoffice department has decided to issue a McKinley memorial postal card. The card will have the head of the dead President as the stamp in place of the head of Thomas Jefferson, which is on the cards used at present. The design about the head will contain the date of Mr. McKinley's birth and death, his name and the words, "Series of 1901-2." The card will be issued about December 1.

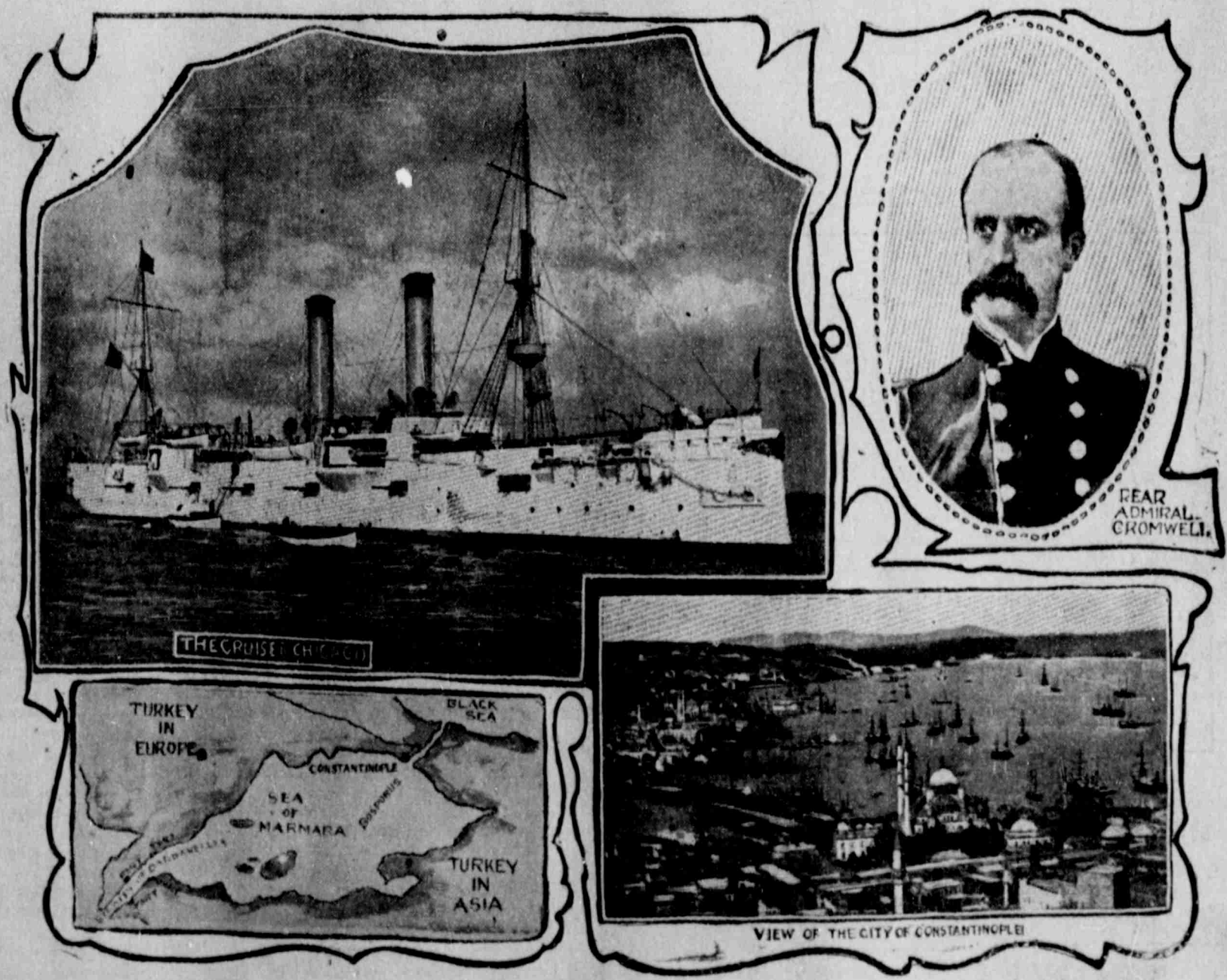
TOO CHEAP FOR CHANDLER

At the Army and Navy club the other evening a group of officers were discussing the recent difficulties of ex-Senator Chandler with Rear-Admiral Evans. One of the officers, now retired, mentioned incidentally the fact that Mr. Chandler, upon taking up the navy portfolio, was not as familiar with nautical matters as might be desired.

Soon after taking hold of his official duties, the secretary had occasion to visit what was at that time one of the larger vessels of the navy. Upon the morning following his arrival, the commanding officer, after a brief exchange of greetings, said:

"Mr. secretary, would you care to see the marines mustered on the quarter-deck?" "It's replied the head of the department, so the story goes, 'It seems to me that for the secretary of the navy at least a half-dollar deck should be provided.'—New York Times.

ADMIRAL CROMWELL WARNED TO HAVE SQUADRON IN READINESS.



Strong intimations, if not positive orders, are said to have been sent to Rear Admiral Cromwell, in command of the European station, to hold himself in readiness for a sudden naval demonstration in the Mediterranean. It is also stated on high authority that this government is sounding European powers on the question of teaching Turkey and Bulgaria a lesson that they will not easily forget for their part in the captivity of Miss Stone. The state department's movements in the matter are at present shrouded in great mystery, but it is known that diplomatic movements of world wide importance are pending. Should President Roosevelt decide to force the Deronelles and bombard Constantinople the following United States warships would probably immediately be placed in action: The Chicago, Cromwell's flagship, the Albany, the Nashville, the Dixie, and the Monongahela.